

MY MOTHER DWELLS ON SMALL THINGS, PAINS, TERRORS,
WORRIES: THE HUGE ONES ARE TOO ENORMOUS

wants me to move
the radio away from
the edge of the bed,
pull my hair back,
hang the towel in
the center, not let
it drip. She rages
at the sheet
that's crooked,
the way her pocket
book's out on the
chair, she wants
the flash light
here, a spoon to
bang with if no one
hears her, wants
the blanket folded
in two but not on
her, not too far
tho so she can
reach it
desperate to
control the
little she
can

DO YOU THINK PEOPLE HAVE
SOULS MY MOTHER ASKS

"Souls?".
I ask and she
says "yes I
didn't use to
but when Nanny
died," she says
"I was there
and something
went out of her,
one minute it
was Nanny and
then, someone,
something was
gone her face
marble. Honey
do you think
I'll see her
soon?"

IT'S THE NIGHTS SHE SAID I REMEMBER

we'd go berry
picking my
grandmother
would drive
across fields
say don't tell
your grand
father some
times we'd
come back,
just have
strawberry
cake for
supper on
the porch on
huge white
biscuits

MY MOTHER AND THE COTTON CANDY

pain free for
3 hours my
mother goes
wild over the
pink fluff
she could be
seven wants
to tear at
the sweetness
as if to grab
even what
melts and
stuff it in
side where
so little is